No. 15. {Whole No. 223} *Price, 10 Cents. Per Annum, $3.00.* Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1872.

Subject: The Remnants of Society.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT:

A Weekly Publication

OF

SERMONS

PREACHED BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

New-York:
J. B. FORD & CO., No. 27 PARK PLACE.

1872.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, AGENTS FOR THE TRADE.
European Agents, SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON, Crown Buildings, 188 Fleet Street, London.

AUTHORIZATION.

Brooklyn, January, 1869.

Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co.:

Gentlemen: Mr. T. J. Ellinwood has been the reporter of my sermons for some ten years; and he is the only authorized reporter of them. The sermons which you are printing, week by week, from his hand, are published by you alone, and are the only ones for which I will consent to become responsible.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT is the *only regular publication of* Mr. BEECHER'S *current sermons*—the one indorsed by his approval as correct, and sanctioned by his authority; it is well printed on good paper, in book form—being *suitable for binding and preservation,* (the advertisements at the back being easily removed;) and it is *cheap*—within the reach of all. The publishers have responded to the constant demand for a continued insertion of the Prayers, as one of the most profitable features of Mr. BEECHER'S ministrations, and the Scriptural lesson and hymns sung are also indicated, making a complete record of one service of Plymouth Church for each Sunday.

TERMS.—Single numbers, 10 *cents. Yearly subscription price,* $3.00, *giving two volumes of about* 450 *pages each. Half-yearly subscription price* $1.75. *Subscriptions may begin with any number.*

CLUB RATES, five copies for $12.00.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION ($3.00), *together with the charming pair of French Oil Chromos* (10½x12½ *inches*), *and* PLYMOUTH PULPIT ($3.00), *will be sent to one address for* $5.00.

POSTAGE OF PLYMOUTH PULPIT to subscribers in the United states is twenty cents per year, payable quarterly, in advance, at the Post-Office to which the pamphlet is sent; and on single copies to England it is *four cents.*

PLYMOUTH PULPIT.

This publication began with the sermon of Sunday, September 20th, 1868, the first of the Church services for the year. Each *Volume* will contain twenty-six numbers, being one sermon each week for six months. The *First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth* and *Sixth* Volumes are now issued; each making one large and handsome 8vo vol., of more than 450 pages;—Vol. I. being embellished with a new STEEL PORTRAIT of Mr. BEECHER—the best likeness of him ever published—Vol. II. having a fine large Interior View of Plymouth Church. Bound in extra cloth, beveled boards. Price $2.50 per vol. *Sent post-paid by mail on receipt of price.*

A full Table of the Subjects discussed in all six of the published volumes, may be found on next to last page of this cover.

The entire set of *Six Volumes* may be had for $14.00. Vol. VII. will be ready about Sept. 1st.

ANY BACK NUMBERS CAN BE HAD.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1871, by J. B. FORD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian at Washington

THE REMNANTS OF SOCIETY.

"And it shall come to pass in that day that the remnant of Israel, and such as are escaped of the house of Jacob, shall no more again stay upon him that smote them; but shall stay upon the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, in truth. The remnant shall return, even the remnant of Jacob, unto the mighty God. For though thy people Israel be as the sands of the sea, yet a remnant of them shall return: the consumption decreed shall overflow with righteousness. For the Lord God of hosts shall make a consumption, even determined, in the midst of all the land."—ISA. x., 20-23.

We can hardly understand such language as this in our time, because in our national life and personal history we have never been subject to those strange mutations which befell the kingdom of Israel. The summit had been passed. Their political glory had ceased, and the great kingdom which inspired such admiration was never again to be gathered. They were split asunder. They had been repeatedly carried away captive. We can hardly understand what it means where a whole nation is torn up by the roots, and deported, carried away, into a foreign land; and where, by and by, in the capricious mood of some despot, a portion of them are allowed to go back again,—a mere fragment. For, in the carrying away of a million people, how many perish by the sword! How many perish by the brutality of drivers! How many perish by exposure and by various want! How many perish heart-broken! How are families scattered! How is the whole nation torn asunder and dispersed! And when a few are gathered together, and they turn to go back, what is this remnant? Wandering from place to place in the promised land, crossing the Jordan, finding a heap where once there was a flourishing city, drawing near to the home of their ancestry and finding it in the hands of foreigners, themselves regarded as intruders and outcasts, what a harrowing experience theirs must be! And what class of people ever needed so much divine sympathy and succor as those who returned to the promised land from which they had been expelled and separated in long exile to find it hard and inhos-

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 15, 1872. LESSON: 1 COR. XV., 33-58. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 286, 600, "Shining Shore."

pitable, with scarcely the power of entrance, and with little power of living, and with no prospect of establishing again the old commonwealth, the old prosperity, the old worship, and the old home feeling?

Now, it was under such circumstances as these that the prophets did their chief work. We sit in our ceiled houses, and read of the prophecies of Isaiah, of Jeremiah, and of Ezekiel, and often turn up our noses at their sanguine expectations, and frequently are severe and unchristian in the denunciations which we heap upon them; but go back in imagination to the time when a great people are rooted up and peeled bare, and are left without worship, without homes, without protectors, with nothing but desolation staring them in the face; and then imagine that there rises up among them a man of natural moral grandeur. Imagine that he stands in their midst, and declares that their oppressors who have so long well-nigh crushed out the national life, are themselves to be threshed as with a flail by the hand of God, and that their life shall be assured to them by the decree of the Almighty. Is there no grandeur in the function or office of a prophet when he stands in the presence of a poor, despoiled band of people, and makes them feel that the hand of power shall not for ever be so strong against them? For with words of cheer, and with an inexpressible richness of imagery, he comforts them, and says: "Although the present is drear and desolate, it is only the stepping-stone that leads to a precious day which impends just before you in that new kingdom in which is to dwell righteousness. There shall come the glory of the Lord. All your sons and daughters shall be brought back to you. You shall see the temple rebuilded. Your cities shall be restored, and shall be as they were at first, or shall shine with more than pristine glory; and the Lord shall dwell with you."

Some men, criticising these prophecies, say: "They were evidently mistaken. Do not you see that those things were represented as to happen almost immediately? and yet nearly two thousand years have gone by, and they have not taken place!" Looking at this as only a part of a chronological table, it may seem as though the predictions of the old prophets were not true; but looking at it in its interior spirit, as God meant that it should be viewed at, is it not calculated to encourage and comfort people in their desolateness and distress? Was not the vision of the future the very thing that would do it?

The wonderful tenderness that pervades Providence is the proper counterpart of those terrible denunciations of judgment

with which God clothed the mind and imagination of his ancient servants. If the proportion is not exactly kept, we are to remember that God's words of threatening and reward are adjusted to the need of the times in which they are uttered. When men are rude, and their susceptibilities are coarse, and they require more intense motive, then such motive is applied to them. But as men, by obedience and moral culture, grow more susceptible, the milder parts of the Gospel are employed. In other words, there is the principle of adaptation such as parents employ toward their children—first, teaching them as babes must be taught, and readapting the teaching all the way up to manhood. So has God been accustomed to deal with men in his administration. Up to a given point people and nations had thunders over their head; but when their natures have become milder, and they have become more tractable, and more desirous of things high than of things low, they have been drawn and won, rather than driven by threatening.

This *remnant* of the Israelitish people is itself a word which has a very wide use; and in proceeding to make some adaptation of this passage to our own times and to our own wants, think a moment of what is meant by *a remnant.* It does not mean simply a few; neither does it mean merely the last things; though it includes both of these ideas.

When one has cut out a garment from a web of cloth, there is a selvedge, there are the side pieces, of curious shapes, and there is at last the tail-piece—a little bit left. The main and best parts have been taken out and used. Although they are of as good substance as the rest, there are these edges, the intermediate bits, and the final remaining part; and all these are called *the remnants.* They are not exactly waste, but they are parts that are left over after the good has been principally taken out.

Out of no carpenter's shop does the timber ever come as large as it went in. It is hewn, it is planed, it is cut, it is sawed; in various ways it is reduced; and after the comely shapes have been sawn out, all that remains is of but little benefit. It may be good for fuel, but it hardly can be good for manufacturing purposes. The chips, the shavings, the slabs, the edges, the intermediate pieces—they are the remnants of the carpenter's work—the parts which have not been used up for commercial objects.

Look in upon a household after all the children have been fed, after all the servants have eaten, and the table is cleared off, and see what is left. See the bones; the gristle; the scraps of meat that are stringy and not easily chewed; the bits of potato; the pieces of confection; the heap of fragments. These are the rem-

nants of the meal. Some of them are too good to throw away, and some of them are too poor to keep. They make a solid jumble—a mass for the maw of poverty.

Look at the remnant in the harvest—all those stray stalks of wheat in the blackberry edges of the uncomely farm; all those that have fallen by the way; the gleanings; the refuse of the field.

So, in all the phases of society—in the Army; in the Navy; in business circles; in the household; everywhere, there is a remnant constantly coming up. It is the portion which is left after the better or more favored has been culled out and used; and it is in respect to the remnants of society that I am going to speak this morning.

Consider God's great tenderness toward the remnant of his people—toward what were left. After war; after famine; after captivity; after long desolations abroad; after the return of the people in their poverty, what was left over was called *a remnant.* When the bulk of the nation had been destroyed, and its power had been broken, and its ambition had been discouraged, there was something still left, and that was called *a remnant.* And God's heart deals with inexpressible kindness toward such remnants.

Did you ever think of the remnants of society. Did you ever ponder the disintegrations that are going on all the time in human society?

When a large army is moving through the country, on a long and urgent march, hardly will they have gone a half score of miles before some from weakness, some from lameness, some from one reason and some from another, will begin to step out of the ranks; and every day the number will increase of the stragglers that will drop down by the wayside if they are sick or worn out, or skulk in the woods or behind the fences if they are cowards.

But human society is a vaster army than was ever engaged in warfare, technically so called; and the number of those who fall out of the ranks of society is infinitely greater than the number of those who ever fell out of any army that was gathered on the field of battle.

Did you ever think of human society in this point of view—the incessant dropping down and falling behind of men? We usually take statistics of the prosperous men in society. We think of the men who succeed. We think of the enterprise, the ingenuity, the inventive skill, the various achievements and accumulations of men. We think of men who accomplish results. But who stands to take an accurate account of all the weak; of all those who drop behind; of all those who stumble; of all those who

are run over by the thick treading multitude round about them and behind them? Who cares for them? How few men are cared for by their fellow men? Each household cares for its own members; but who are they whose hearts are large enough to think of that other great household which exists within society, and which is perpetually changing place, sifting, sifting, sifting, shaking, shaking, shaking, and working downward, further and further, toward the bottom? Who thinks of that great mass of remnants?

We remember the man who stood by us two or three years ago. He has disappeared. We have not heard anything about him lately. We say to some one who knew him, "What has become of Mr. B?" "Well, I don't know. He failed, and I heard some ill of him—I have forgotten what it was; but I have not seen him for years. I believe he has gone West." "Where is Mr. Z., that used to do business over there?" "I don't know. None of his neighbors know." Track him, trace him out, and you will find that, being weak, his steps grew feebler and feebler until he died. *Consumption* they called his disease; but it was want of raiment, want of nourishing food, and want of sustaining hope which gives stimulus to the fibers of the body. It was broken-heartedness—for whenever the nervous system of a man gives out so that he cannot bear up against trouble, and trouble breaks him down, that is heart-breaking. That is the only heart-breaking which there is in this world. The heart itself does not break. It is brain-breaking, it is soul-breaking, it is fiber-breaking, that takes men down.

Now, who keeps account of the useless, or of those who are becoming so? God does. You think of the rich men. I hope that God thinks of them too. They need it. You think of the prosperous men. I hope God thinks of them. They are men. They have the beat of immortality. Who thinks of the men of value? Who thinks of the young men of promise? The politician thinks of them. He wants to use them, and he flatters them, and seeks to manage them. In this work-a-day world, looking on men, we are always in sympathy with healthy blood, and active life, and success. But who cares for the decaying, the down-setting men? Nature cares little for them. Oh, stony-hearted nature, that has in it no feeling; that is relentless; that says, as it lifts its iron arm, "He that comes under my blow falls!"—for it strikes down, and cares little to recover that which it has stricken. Nature has little mercy in it. Who thinks of the poor and the fallen? Society? The most bungling work society ever does in this world, it does when it attempts to be merciful. Society is a machine, at best, of

patches and expedients. Human society is no model for anything but itself; and it groans and creaks in every joint, and is imperfect in every wheel; but it is never so much imperfect at any other time as when it undertakes to compensate the wisdom which God makes necessary in every man for himself. But when men fall out of their places, and need to be tenderly dealt with, then the hands of society are clumsier to deal with them than a lout's, a yeoman's hand, in the field, is clumsy to take care of the new-born babe. Whatever good intentions society may have, the way in which it takes care of the poor and the sick, even when the ministration is committed to those who make mercy the business of their life, is rude. It is imperfect. Oh Grave! thou art kinder than our poor-houses! Let me die—let me never go to the workhouse. Let me die—let me never go to a county hospital. For human society does not know how to be divine; and it never shows to so poor an advantage as when it is attempting to do the works of divinity.

Who cares for the remnants of society; for those that are outcast; for the sinking; for the helpless; for the mistaken; for those who have failed to accomplish the ends of life, or are failing—who cares for them? God does.

Let us look at some of these remnants. I am sent to preach comfort to such. I am sent to minister to them. I am sent to make known the divine mercy to the remnants.

First, I mention those who are broken in health, and are utterly turned away, by that reason, from all that they sought. Multitudes there are in life who had every equipment, and every opportunity, apparently, but who suddenly broke down and failed, simply because their health had departed from them. For, although men in ill health have sometimes been gigantic workers, as in the case of such men as Richard Baxter and Moses Stuart, yet their ill health was such as left their nervous system free to act, and they were men that worked by brain force. But where the very nature of the breaking down pervades the agent of vitality—the cerebral power—how are men brought into desolation in a moment by the loss of health! They rise up from a fever, and thenceforth life is a wilderness to them. Many a man lies down sick of the measles. All his life was before him. When he gets up again he is deaf, he is half blind, and he is feeble throughout. The future to him in this world is a wilderness.

Do you count how many men are stopped short by the mere fact of broken health? how many men go out of the school? how many men leave college? how many men with the first honors of their profession beginning to blossom on their brow drop out of

that profession? how many men that had all hope of executive success in business are seen stepping down, and down, and down? how many there are to whom life was one great garden of promise, and who came to the gate, snuffed one moment at the odor, and reached out for the fruit, and were stung by a viper? To such, life has ever since been a desert, so that, "Having done all, stand!" becomes the text and motto of all the rest of their life? They can do nothing, because they are broken down; and so they stand still, and will wait till the gate shall open and give them leave to go out hence. They count as ciphers. The only thing they seem to be good for, is to serve as memorials of a mother's patience, of a sister's goodness, or of a wife's fidelity. I think that in this world there are no histories so sublime as the unuttered histories in our households, where men give themselves as really for others as our Lord gave himself for the whole world: not giving so high a nature, not giving in so divine and comprehensive a sense; not giving with a scope which reaches beyond the individual case, and taking hold of the infinities and eternities, as Christ did; but nevertheless, literally living for others.

This matter of bodily infirmity is one that is full of pity and full of sorrow, and infinite in variety. Some men sink and disappear, as a leaking ship founders and goes down. And happy are they. Happy are the dead. The day of many a man's death is better than the day of his birth. You do not know it; you do not believe it; but ten thousand there are, within arrow-shot, or within an hour's walk, of this place, who do believe it. And many men are brought to think of it many times in life. Blessed are the men who go down as a full-freighted ship, after a short struggle, a few silver bubbles coming up where the waves closed over them, as if to tell of the soul's escape heavenward, and that it is all over; but some men are not permitted to go down thus. They are run ashore, out of their element. They are like a ship cast upon the land, where the sun beats upon it, and the heat shrinks it and cracks it and opens the seams wider and wider, till by and by it drops to pieces, and is lost.

How piteous it is to see a great ship lie helpless on the beach! How piteous it is to see that most powerful of all machineries, the locomotive, helpless; on the track, equal in strength to ten thousand men, and off the track, as weak as a babe!

How many men are like a man-of-war, that is staunchly built of the best material, but that on its first voyage is so handled by the winds and waves that it becomes unmanageable, and makes haste to come back to port again, and anchors at the Navy Yard, and is an old receiving hulk for the rest of its days!

How many remnants there are in society of pale folks; sickly folks; people that vibrate and oscillate between light and dark—between sanity and insanity; persons that have aspiration, but no power of generating vitality, so that one day's work causes them six days of sickness! How many there are that lie defeated in life from over-exertion, and are obliged, against their will, to give up? How many there are in the great army of remnants who seem thus ground to the earth!

Then, how many remnants there are in society on account of the misapplication of their powers, and their utter failure therefrom. There is nobody to aim for us; and if men went into life more humble, I think they would go through it more safely. If a man would begin to do the thing that lies next to him—next to his father's house, as it were; if the farmer's boy would consent to learn farming, and the mechanic's son would consent to learn mechanics, and the laborer's son would consent to follow his father's vocation; if all men would begin low down, and stand on ground that is firm, and then go up as they are called by the opening of their faculties, and by their success in life, there would be fewer remnants; but everybody does exactly what the Lord forbids—takes the highest seat at the feast. Men come from the country toNew York in order to be Astors or Vanderbilts—nothing less than that; they make a push for that; there are five thousand men pushing together; and in the crowd the weakest will go down. Men come to New York who have read about art. They despise the vulgarities of work-a-day life, and they are going to be artists. They have painted village signs, and pictures that were recognized for what they were intended to be, and they have the spirit of Raphael and Titian and Correggio, and many others, and artists will they be; and they come to this city determined to take the highest seat, without any consideration or measurement or accurate knowledge of what their powers are. They aspire, and follow their aspirations blindly and unwisely. How many second and third-rate men there are who undertake to perform functions which require the exercise of the faculties in their best estate! How many men there are who crowd into public places of trust for which they are not qualified! How many there are that would be administrators, judges, rulers, representatives, although they are miserably fitted for such offices! How many go into mechanical pursuits who have no ingenuity! How many go into scholarly pursuits who have no scholarship, and no thinking power! How many seek the lawyer's profession whom the profession of law vomits out! How many overcrowd the med-

ical profession who have no adaptations for that profession! How many seek to be schoolmasters who need some one to teach them the very first elements of learning! How many seek trades, and professions, and artist callings, and political functions, which are absolutely unsuited to their nature and disposition! Some men who might do well in the shade are found perched up on the steeple-top; and some men who would do better in high places are found nuzzling low down in shadowy places. There are all these misadjustments and mismeasurements in society. It is as if you should put a wheelbarrow in front of a train of cars to draw it, and a locomotive in a garden to carry away the rubbish! It is as if you should set a yoke of oxen to rocking the cradle, and a nurse's foot to plowing! Such misadjustments would be no greater than those which actually exist in society. This man is not fit for this place here, and that man is of no account in that place there. This man is striving to get up there where he does not belong, and that man catches hold of him, and jerks him down, and takes the place.

Some men are forever saying, "Luck always goes past me. Life is against me." There are people who are continually looking on their ill-success, and saying, "Is not providence mysterious?" Providence is all right. Providence does not make any mistakes. Men make mistakes though, as to the guidings of Providence. Nothing is more common than for men to set out for that which they have no qualifications for. And who shall teach them? Where are the men who have the measure, and can take the gauge of a man, and say to him, "Follow this and that?" Something may be done. Wise parents may do something. Kind neighbors may give advice. There is some generosity after all. Men are always willing to give advice; and there is some good to be obtained from the advice of one's neighbors. And yet, there will be this grinding out, grinding out, grinding out of men, because they do not know what they are, nor what they are set to do, and are not willing to do the things that they could do, but are aspiring to do the things which they are not fitted for.

Then there are remnants from the overtaxing of men who are adapted to their work, but have not the endurance which their circumstances require. I think the tendencies of modern cities are to heat and rapidity and intensity, and that men will do finer things than they formerly did, but that they will do them at the expense of an increasing number who break down under the strain. Things are tending to consolidate vast factories, and not to distribute smaller factories through multitudes of families.

In Massachusetts, during my boyhood, the making of shoes was distributed among all the farmers of the neighborhood; and when the day's work on the farm was done, and the father and the boys had come in, and eaten their suppers, about seven o'clock, they sat down and "closed up" shoes or boots; and afterwards they sent them to some central point that they might be put together. Now immense factories are erected for the making of shoes, and the work is taken out of the hands of the people, and the factories thrive, and the people starve.

So a few great stores are tending to usurp the places of all the little ones. A few great insurance companies want to swallow up all the little ones. A few great banking-houses like to overtop all the little ones.

The welfare of a nation depends upon its wealth being distributed. When distributed, it is a blessing; but when concentrated, it is a curse. Great wealth in a few places is bad for communities, however good it may seem to the single individual.

Now, in this conduct of society, by which men are overworked, and overmastered by the combination of the few strong ones against the multitude of weaker ones, men's powers fail them. Though they are adapted to certain kinds of work, and though they would succeed in this or that calling if they had the chance to exercise their powers, they are swept out of the way. Hundreds of men, under the strain, break down; and then all is gone so far as they are concerned.

There are some men who, when they break down, are like those who ride in low wagons, and who if the wagon breaks do not fall far, and can get up and mend it, and go on; but there are other men who when they break down, are like those who cross a dark chasm on a high bridge, and who, if the bridge break, fall a great distance into the stream below, and have no power to get back, and repair the damage, and proceed on their journey.

A great many more persons break down from a secret mismanagement of themselves. I have spoken of men's misadjustments, and their overtaxed conditions, in society; but I think that in multitudes of cases the chief and sole cause of men's failures in life—the chief reason why they sift through and become mere remnants, is to be found in their ignorance of how to take care of themselves. This begins with youth. The vital source of supply for life, that out of which every color of joy is to be made, that out of which every element of thought is to be constructed, that out of which enterprise is to spring, that which constitutes genius or industry or success in you, is the cerebral mass, the nervous system—

the brain and the distributed nerves; and he who knows how to keep that mass in health, and fully supplied with right forces, by proper food and proper sleep, and by proper draughts upon it, will have a capital which will grow upon his hands the longer he lives —or until late in life. For insurance policies show that premiums are paid to those who obey the laws of health. A man who is twenty years old has more chances of life than a boy who is only ten years old. A man at thirty has more chances of life than a man at twenty. A man at forty has more chances of life than a man at thirty. A man at fifty still has more chances of life than a man at any age below that. The interpretation of this fact is that God gives a premium to men for the observation of the great laws of nature, augmenting the chances of long life in this world in the cases of such as are obedient to those laws.

Now, young men want to act upon their feeling. They are for joy. They are for outspring. And I like to see young men full of life and vigor and hilarity. And it is not their racing, or wrestling, or riding, or shooting, or fishing, that breaks them down. It is *leaking*. It is wasting the nerve-substance by pleasures that draw out the very vitality of their life. And thousands of men or ever they have come to the years of their majority, have induced a vital weakness which will never leave nor forsake them till the undertaker bids good-by to their coffin.

I wish you could read the letters which come to me with implorations and supplications that I would endeavor to save the writers from evils into which they have fallen, as they say, through their ignorance. Woe! WOE! WOE! to the men who are secretly wasting that very vital power out of which is to spring all that they are to have of manhood, of hope, of truth and of nobleness!

Then there are multitudes of persons who are as ignorant of how to run their bodies in the matter of food and drink and sleep, as a little child is of how to run a locomotive or a steam engine. Men have no conception of what the mill is that they own—for every man carries a mill. Every man bolts some wheat in it, but few know anything about the process by which it is to be ground and appropriated. We teach men language; we are anxious that they should know grammar and arithmetic; we are desirous of instilling into their minds right moral principles; but as for those elements in them on which grace itself, and the power of acquiring knowledge, greatly depend, they do not feel much anxiety about them.

Now, while I do not yield to anybody superiority of desire in respect to the wise cultivation of the mind, the heart, and the con

science, I have a very strong sense that intellect and moral considerations have much to do with the stomach, and that persons from over-eating or under-eating, from over-drinking or under-drinking, and from sleeping too much or sleeping too little, destroy themselves, not only physically, but mentally and morally; and I am persuaded that very few men learn the art of so eating and drinking and sleeping as to make their body do the most work, in the best manner and for the longest time. It is not taught in the family, it is not taught in the schools, and it is not taught in our higher institutions to any great extent. It is one of the things which are yet to be developed.

So, many break themselves down in a few years from ignorance on these subjects. I see men who use more wind to waft a cockle-boat across a pond than would be required to carry a man-of-war across the sea! I see men in my own profession who are breaking down from exhaustion. They talk from morning till night. They are very fond of talking, they talk to everybody, and they talk all the time. They spread themselves out; they distribute themselves here and there; they have a word for all who come in their way; they talk sixteen hours daily; and it seems no more trouble to them than the springing of a watchman's rattle. Thus they are continually wasting their vitality. This goes on eight, nine, ten, eleven, or twelve years, and then they break down, and their capital is gone past recovery. If they are remonstrated with, they say, "O, there is no danger. It is very easy for me. I shall not break down;" but at last they find, to their sorrow, that they were mistaken.

A man says, I am worth five hundred thousand dollars; and he puts his hand in his pocket and throws out handful after handful of pennies—small change—small talk; and of course he has followers—everybody has followers who is liberal with his money; and he goes on throwing out a little here and a little there; and somebody protests against his wastefulness, and warns him that he is in danger of ruining himself; but he says, "Oh, there is no fear of that." He has been throwing out pennies a whole year, and his friends say to him, "If you persist in giving away your money as you have, you will certainly come to want." "Bless your soul," he says, "I have more than I know what to do with. I don't feel poor." He goes on throwing out little sums, and occasionally he throws out here a big purchase and there a big purchase—that is, big sermons,—and he does not suspect that his means are running low, till by and by the supply is exhausted, and he says, "I wonder if my pocket has a hole in it?" His money is gone, and he does

not know where it has gone. He goes to the bank, and there is none there. He looks after his stocks and bonds, and finds that they are all gone. He is bankrupt; and he says, "Where under the sun has my money gone to? I haven't spent it as I know of."

This is just the way that I hear men talk who waste themselves, who exhaust themselves by ten thousand little petty wastes which are all the time going on, and which result in the consumption of their nervous energy, their life force. They do not feel the loss; they are strong and vigorous yet; they do not realize their danger; they are absorbed in business or pleasure; and they do not practice any economy in the expenditure of the resources of their being. They waste themselves.

In all these various ways men undermine that great motive power which brings us out of alliance with the mere animal kingdom, and lifts us up into association with higher creations.

The rude brain which is found in the lowest animals increases, as you rise in the scale, and becomes convoluted in the mammals, and is most perfect in men; and in men it is larger, it is deeper and broader, and is more confluent, as you go up toward the perception of the spiritual, the invisible, the infinite and the divine. And that which makes man godlike is the vital, nervous organization that God has given him, in which, or out of which, or by which, works the immortal soul. When men all their life long are ignorant of this, and are all the time wasting and destroying their nerve-force, is it surprising that they fall down in the battle, that they drop out on the march, and sink to the bottom of society?

Besides these who are perpetually breaking down and falling in the rear, are those who violate the laws of society, who are detected, and convicted, and branded with shame. I know that we must have laws; I know that we must have penalties—severe penalties; I know that we must have jails and state-prisons; and in many parts of society, I suppose we must yet have the halter. It is an instrument of the barbarous period; but the barbarous period juts into civilization in spots. There will be criminals, and we shall have to punish them; but we are very ignorant indeed in the matter of the treatment of criminals. I think we have scarcely begun to know how to deal with men so as to bring them back to life and hope. This is another instance of the clumsiness of society when it undertakes to do anything moral, and and to do it well.

I think the most piteous thing in the world is to see a man, no worse than we are, who, under the influence of company, or through temptation, has committed a great wrong, and has been branded by society. His life is not worth anything after that.

For the laws of society are like the laws of a fort, which when a man is inside defend him against all attack, but which when he is outside open all the artillery of the fort upon him if he attempts to get back.

There are men in society whom everybody in the street thinks to be criminal, and yet of whom everybody has a kindly opinion; but let such a one be arrested, let one transgression be fixed on him, and let him be sent to Sing Sing for a year, and when he comes back his life is blotted out. Every man suspects him. Everybody for the sake of his own reputation does not want to be seen with him. Everybody avoids having anything to do with him, saying, "He has broken down once, and he may break down again." A man says, "I must have reliable men in my business." That is all true; but the fact remains that if a man stumble, and break the laws, it is almost as much as his life is worth. It is hard for him to get back where he was before.

This is certainly a warning which should be addressed to the young: You are safe within the law; but you are not safe beyond it, outside of it. There have been many men who fain would have returned again to the established ways of morality, and honesty, and industry; but they found themselves going against the quick-set hedge of prejudice on every side. Many are crowded out into permanent dishonesties; many sink into discouragement; many die broken-hearted!

Many men have a conscience under a prison jacket. There are men in Sing Sing in whose cells I believe angels dwell! There are a great many men that human life disowns. There are many men that have gone into the gutter whom no man will stoop to lift up, whose funeral is attended only by the one man that shovels the dirt remorselessly on his uncoffined body, but who stands in the other life pitied of God, sought for by Jesus Christ, and saved by the Holy Ghost! There are many men of whom it may be said that the first will be last, while the last will be first; for God is more lenient as a judge than we are. God judges with the justice of love, and not with the injustice of hatred. Only love knows how to speak the truth, and to judge with just judgment.

In regard to all those who are in this great struggling mass—the remnants of society—the outcast, the poor, the lame, the maimed, the weak, the sick, the discouraged, the criminal, the vicious, those that are out of the way,—in respect to that great class, I have to say: Take pity on them, have compassion for them, even if that pity and that compassion do not reach beyond their external condition.

We judge of God, and of his interest in us, by what he does in time and in this world; but I bethink me, and remember that God is one that sits on the circle of the earth and shapes the affairs of this world and the other; and that what happens to men in their experience in this sphere reaches on to the other sphere, where God shall deal with them, and build up in them that which they lack here. I should die of despair if I thought that all the men who fail in this world had no God to think of them or take care of them in the world to come. I do not believe that the Gospel of Christ is a Gospel for the strong. I do not believe the Spirit of Christ was a spirit that blessed those who succeeded. I believe it was a spirit that said, "Blessed are the poor," and "Blessed are ye when all men shall hate you and persecute you." The Gospel of Christ was a Gospel that opened prison doors, and brought messages of mercy to those who sat in the region and shadow of death. And if there are not in the church nor in the household any that have compassion on the great waste-class and under-class—on the remnants—of society, I believe there is a God that is sorry for them!

Here is a staggering, dirty, gashed boy. Ashamed his companions are of him. A brute he is, haggard, hated, and cast out of employment. Nobody respects him, and nobody cares for him. Yes, there is a mother at home whose pride has been crushed in his behalf, whose love has been crucified, whose life has been waiting for his coming back; and though he goes year by year from worse to worse, and seems to have touched the very bottom, and to be worthless, love never faileth, still she loves him, and love nourishes hope. And what a mother is to her child, she sinful, weak, imperfect, acting only by an ennobled instinct, that, in an infinitely greater degree, is God to his erring children. If she, to the very last moment, will not give up her boy, but loves him, and excuses him, and waits for him, is there no mother-God looking down upon all the causes that mark human life, and waiting for the poor and the outcast? Is my God one whose heart is like the drum-beat of the tyrant warrior? Is not my God, rather, one whose heart is better than a mother's heart?

To all those who are cast down and suffering, I say, There is a God that is sorry for you. The same compassion that led Jesus Christ to give his life for those who were piercing him with the spear, lives and reigns in the bosom of God. And if men turn you away, if men disown you, if you are cast out from among your fellows, God thinks of you, and will succor you.

Beware, then, of desperation. If God be for you, who can be

against you? Do not throw yourselves away. Do not plunge headlong into despair. If there should be continued twilight, or if that twilight should run rapidly toward midnight in the world, do not be discouraged. Though all else should be against you, God is for you. There is immortality—seek for that. If wealth has failed you, if pleasures have failed you, say not, "My life has been a grand mistake and failure." Plunge not into the gulf of despondency. There is a future. There is a bright and blessed manhood just beyond. It is not far between the soul here and the soul there. It is but a step. You call it years. They that dwell above call it minutes. You are not far from your Father's house, where will be interpreted to you the wisdom which you miss on earth; where will be a ministration of mercy which society does not know how to give; where the dormant power that lies undeveloped in you will be brought out by the clear shining of the face of God.

If you have failed for this life, do not fail for the other, too. There is very much that may yet be done, even in the afternoon and twilight of men's lives, if they are hopeful and active.

There are many men who have not been guilty of vices or crimes, but who by a misapprehension of their powers, and by those casualties which belong to the running of this great unregulated machine of society, have been overthrown—there are many such, who, in old age seem to themselves to have lost influence standing and property. At any rate, there is a sort of letting them severely alone on the part of their old friends. Their hearts are hungry yet, and they feel that there is something that they could do if they only could get at the doing of it. My friends, be not discouraged. Give not yourselves over to complaining and mourning. Stand with patience and goodwill.

When one of my Norway spruces died from the rude handling of last winter, instead of rooting it up and throwing it away, I let the ampelopsis take possession of it, and it grew up rapidly through all the branches of the tree, and covered its top with leaves. And in the autumn, these leaves, which had been green before, were all changed to a brilliant crimson; and the tree in its own life was not half so beautiful as it was when covered by this vine, clad with all the colors of the setting sun.

Are you like an old tree that is dead, and has dropped all its foliage, and stands with its trunk and branches bare? Let faith and love cover you over, and you will be more comely and more useful standing clothed in such garniture than you were clad in all your former strength.

Be patient, old man. Be patient, mother. Be patient, widow.

Be patient, you that are impoverished. Be patient, men that ar scarcely thought of, and are treading lower and lower. God thinks of you. And it is not a wondrous thing that you should go down the same steps that your Master went. Shall the servant be greater than his Lord? Christ suffered for us all. He made himself of no reputation. He took upon him the form of a servant. And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. He died a death of shame and contumely for us. And shall we not be able to follow in the steps of the Sufferer, who calls out to us, and says, "Hold your ground, and live. Be patient. It cannot be long before God's angel shall come and then your troubles will be all over?"

Oh, think, brethren—you that have houses and lots and stocks and bonds, and have the solace of pictures and books, and to whom, when death comes, it will be hard to leave these things—think of your brothers and sisters, who have no homes, and nothing to enjoy in this world, and are continually tormented by unsatisfied longings. How glad they should be to leave a world that is so cold and hard to them! And what will their happiness be when their vision is opened to all the sweet delights which belong to the blessedness of the heavenly land!

Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, friends, strangers, has the world gone hard with you? Is it going hard with you? Pluck up your courage. Wait. And if need be, suffer, and suffer patiently, to the end. Let everything go but this: "God loves me; heaven waits for me"; and in that hope stand. Though the world perish around you, *stand*!

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We rejoice that thou dost not need our supplication. Our heavenly Father, it is not our voice, nor is it our uplifted hand, that opens thine heart. Thy very thoughts of us are the stirrings within us which we call our own desires; and so it comes to pass that we think of thee because thou hast thought of us. As men in the morning behold the sun that long has looked in at their window, and has wakened them finally; so thou art looking in upon us; and what time we turn ourselves to take thy favors, it is the solicitation of thy favors that has drawn us to thee. And thou hast made it to be our own strength and gladness to draw near to thee, and commune with thee. Yet how do our thoughts come shapeless forth! How few are the words with which we can speak unto thee! How little do we understand thee! The compass of thy nature is so great; thou art so high above us—not in stature, but in the glory of thy perfection; love in thee dwells in such royalty, and flames abroad in such wondrous elements, which we have never thought of, and which human experience has never hinted at, how shall we speak to thee of love—to thee, who art thyself supereminent beyond the thought of our hearts? How shall we speak of thy truth, and the symmetry of thy being, and thy various power, and all the workings of thine infinite nature? Who can think of these things? How shall we draw near to One who is so far above us, so far from us, and yet so near us, and within us?

We rejoice, O Lord our God, that, though by searching we cannot understand thee, nor find thee out unto perfection, we can find out so much of thee as answers to our thought and to our desires, and that we may feed upon thee. We rejoice that we may commune with thee, though we know not what is the greatness—the height, the depth, the length and the breadth—of the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus. We go toward the sun and toward the light, and we know them to be bright and warm, though we cannot compass the sun, and though we do not know the sources of the light. Thou art God to us. We know that there is wisdom; that there is truth; that there is everlasting rectitude; that there is love which guides all, and toward that we send forth our thoughts.

We believe in thy thoughts concerning us. Yea, we believe in the manifestation of them in deeds. We believe, also, that thou art bearing witness in thy providence to the things which thou hast spoken in thy Word, and that thou art bearing witness in our own inward experience to the things which thou art teaching by thy providence and by thy grace. And we desire to have a full assurance of faith in thee, if we may not have the uttermost knowledge. We desire to have that assurance of thee which children have of their parents long before they understand what they are, or what is the fullness of their nature. Give to us the childlike heart and clinging arms. Give to us the yearning for thee and the running to thee for refuge. Give us rest in thee. Give us the hope and the confidence that thy love shall be more than our faults and sins; that thy goodness shall be greater than our mistakes; that thy mercies shall outrun all our faults; that by the grace of God we yet shall be made perfect, and shall be brought, in the fullness of Christian manhood, into our heavenly Father's house.

Look, this morning, in great compassion upon all those who sigh for thee; upon all those who need thee; upon all those who cannot help themselves when they are distressed; upon all those who are paralyzed before the causes of evils that are in them or around about them, and who crave the succor of thy presence or the inspiration of thy Spirit. Grant them, this morning, thine influence manifested in them. Speak peace to their troubled

thought. Give strength to their weakness. Grant that they may have hope where it has gone out. Give them courage and fortitude that they may bear the burdens of life, and carry its sorrows, and take all its disappointments, as imposed by the hand of their Father. May they walk as soldiers in the field of battle, filling their place where needed, and full of heroism to endure unto the end whatsoever may come upon them. And so may every one of us learn to bear hardness as good soldiers.

O grant thy blessing to rest upon all those who are in the affliction of bereavements; upon all those from whom thou hast taken friends dearly beloved. Wilt thou that hast wept teach them to weep without giving way to despair. Teach them relief by sorrow. Teach them the way to be happy through the way of grief. Give them a truer sense of the purposes of thy dealings with them.

Deliver us, we beseech of thee, from barrenness of thought and feeling. Deliver us from an unsanctified state of mind. Deliver us from hard-heartedness. Deliver us from want of courage, and from despair. Deliver us from untrust, and from disbelief in God. May our troubles be as so many winds that bring us to the harbor, and not as so many winds that drive us into shipwreck and foundering. We pray, O Lord, that we may thus learn to live, not alone by joy, but by trouble; and may we count it all joy when we fall into divers trials and afflictions. Do thy work in us in thine own way. Work out sanctification in those who are called, and call those who are afar off, that they may know their better life, and begin to walk therein. We pray for all that are wandering; for all that are backslidden; for all that have forgotten their vows and their first love; for all that are tempted more than they can bear. O most merciful High-Priest, that hast been set forth as one that pities those who are out of the way, look abroad upon the multitudes who need thee, and die without thy help. We pray that thy compassion may kindle in thy people, and that they may be stirred up to more prayer, and more faith, and more earnest zeal, in seeking to save the lost. We pray that thou wilt fill this place with those who most earnestly desire to walk the higher and better road toward immortality and glory.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt grant thy blessing to rest upon all who are laboring in our midst for others; upon all who are giving their time and their zeal for the instruction of the young, and especially for the instruction of those who at home have no teachers. We pray that thou wilt fill their souls so full of the Spirit of the Lord Jesus that they will be to the little ones under their charge gospels and epistles of Christ, and that they may lead, not by word of mouth alone, but by sympathy and love, those who are in their care. So may they become shepherds and bishops of souls.

We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing to rest upon all who go forth in the byways, and highways, and hospitals, and jails, and prisons, and all places where men do resort far from the word of God; and may they be filled with a spirit of meekness and great humility; and may they know that it is the Lord that made them to differ from those to whom they go; and may they win men by the persuasion of the Gospel, and by the gentleness and love that is in Christ.

We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing to rest upon all the churches in this city. Ordain thy servants that are in them. Fit them to preach the Gospel of love and salvation. May they seek to reform the morals of the time, and to provide for the poor, and to shield men from temptation, and to rescue those who are tempted more than they can bear. And we pray that they may never be weary of well-doing, inasmuch as they shall reap in due time if they faint not.

We pray that thy kingdom may be spread abroad in all its forms. May the Word of God be distributed from house to house. May those who pity the unfortunate be multiplied, and may they go forth and visit every part of this land. We pray for the gospel of intelligence. May it be diffused everywhere. We pray that the faith of Christ and of immortality may stir men up to develop the manhood of their fellow-men on earth. We pray for those who are abroad in foreign lands, and are doing their Master's work with fidelity, and for all who are doing thy service, wherever they may be.

We pray for those who have been lately emancipated from slavery, and whose children are to stand among this people as citizens clothed with power. O grant that they may not come up bringing with them dark-mindedness and untempered passions. Grant that there may be provided for them the ways of knowledge and of true religion.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt grant that there may be a generous and glorious rivalry among all thy servants, of every name, as to who first and most shall teach those who are benighted.

We pray that thou wilt grant that this great land may have more and more just laws. Grant that there may exist a public sentiment that shall enforce all right principles. Grant, we beseech of thee, that we may see men filled with contentment, with industry, with virtue, and with true piety. May we see them reverently loving God, and loving their fellow-men, and striving for things which make for peace.

Let thy blessings, we beseech thee, go forth to all nations; and grant that the time may soon come when the darkness shall be lifted from the minds of men, and when the light of knowledge shall stream in upon them.

We pray for the time of prediction which has waited long, and which still lingers, but which shall yet come. It bears all things onward, and thy Word is sure; but it is not yet fulfilled. How long, O Lord, the ages cry unto thee, how long? When wilt thou round up thy work upon this globe? When shall it be said, "A new heaven and a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness" are created of thee? Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

And to thy name shall be the praise, forever more. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our heavenly Father, we beseech of thee that thou wilt grant thy blessing to rest upon the word of truth spoken. Is it not the truth of God? Lord, are we speaking wrong when we interpret thy great nature as love toward all thy creatures? Wilt thou not bear with them as men do not? Wilt thou not be greater than men in love, as much as thou art greater than they are in power and being? What is the scope and what must be the flow of infinite love in God? O grant that out of these truths may grow up in us more charity, more patience, more helpfulness, more zeal on every hand. Serve thyself by us; and when thou hast done with us on earth, Lord God of our fathers and of our mothers, bring us home to thine own self. And to thy name, Father, Son, and Spirit, shall be praise immortal. *Amen.*

PLYMOUTH PULPIT.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., and VI., are published in book form; $2.50 per vol.; or the six vols. will be sent for $14 50. Single Sermons, 10 cents; thirteen numbers, $1.00; twenty-six-numbers $1.75; fifty-two numbers, $3.00. Mailed, post free, on receipt of price.

VOLUME I.

1. The Duty of Using One's Life for Others.
2. The God of Comfort.
3. The Nobility of Confession.
4. Self-Control Possible to All.
5. Pilate and his Modern Imitators.
6. The Strong to Bear with the Weak.
7. Growth in the Knowledge of God.
8. Contentment in all Things.
9. Abhorrence of Evil.
10. Privileges of the Christian.

Ex. No. The Family as an American Institu-
11. The Love of Money. [tion.
12. Divine Influence on the Human Soul.
13. Moral Affinity the Ground of Unity.
14. The Value of Deep Feelings.
15. Works Meet for Repentance.
16. Malign Spiritual Influences.
17. The Old and the New.
18. The Hidden Christ.
19. Well-Wishing not Well-Doing.
20. Sphere of the Christian Minister.
21. Suffering, the Measure of Worth.
22. The Victory of Hope in Sorrow.
23. The Crime of Degrading Men.
24. Self-Conceit in Morals.
25. Morality the Basis of Piety.
26. The Trinity.

VOLUME II.

1. The Way of Coming to Christ.
2. Conduct, the Index of Feeling.
3. The Sympathy of Christ.
4. Retribution and Reformation.
5. Counting the Cost.
6. Scope and Function of the Christian Life.
7. Human Ideas of God.
8. The Graciousness of Christ.
9. The Evils of Anxious Forethought.
10. The Beauty of Moral Qualities.
11. The Problem of Joy and Suffering in Life.
12. The Apostolic Theory of Preaching.
13. Right and Wrong Way of Giving Pleasure.
14. The Perfect Manhood.
15. Dissimulating Love.
16. The Door.
17. Moral Theory of Civil Life.
18. Peaceableness.
19. Soul-Drifting.
20. The Hidden Life.
21. Discouragements and Comforts of Christian Life.
22. Hindrances to Christian Development.
23. Loving and Hating.
24. Authority of Right over Wrong.
25. The Power of Love.
26. The Preciousness of Christ.

VOLUME III.

1. Watchfulness.
2. Paul and Demetrius.
3. Consolations of the Sufferings of Christ.
4. Treasure that Cannot be Stolen.
5. Bearing but not Overborne.
6. The Holy Spirit.
7. Ideal Standards of Duty.
8. Faults.
9. The Comforting God.
10. The Name Above Every Name.
11. National Unity.
12. Social Obstacles to Religion.
13. Christ, the Deliverer.
14. The God of Pity.
15. Sin Against the Holy Ghost.
16. Inheritance of the Meek.
17. Memorials of Divine Mercy.
18. The Victorious Power of Faith.
19. The Peace of God.
20. Coming to One's Self.
21. Fragments of Instruction.
22. The Substance of Christianity.
23. Spiritual Blindness.
24. Perfect Peace.
25. Preparation for Death.
26. Fidelity to Conviction.

VOLUME IV.

1. Borrowing Trouble.
2. Witnessing for Christ.
3. Desiring and Choosing.
4. Spiritual Stumbling Blocks.
5. Beauty.
6. All Hail
7. Night and Darkness.
8. The True Economy of Living.
9. Law of Hereditary Influence.
10. The True Religion.
11. The Ideal of Christian Experience.
12. Observance of the Lord's Day.
13. Sympathy of the Divine Spirit.
14. Conflicts of the Christian Life.
15. Earthly Immortality.
16. Merchant Clerks of our Cities.
17. The Moral Constitution of Man.
18. Follow Thou Me.
19. War.
20. Patience.
21. My Yoke is Easy.
22. Fiery Darts.
23. Testimony Against Evil.
24. Danger of Tampering with Sin.
25. The Christian Life a New Life.
26. Conceit.

VOLUME V.

1. The Growth of Christ in Us.
2. Sin's Recompense.
3. The Sufficiency of Jesus.
4. God's Love Specific and Personal.
5. The Heavenly State.
6. Future Punishment.
7. The Ministration of Pain.
8. Selfish Morality.
9. Importance of Little Things.
10. The Training of Children.
11. Watching with Christ.
12. The Tendencies of American Progress.
13. The Higher Spiritual Life.
14. The Ground of Salvation.
15. Individual Responsibility.
16. The Era of Joy.
17. Intensity of Spirit.
18. Man's Will and God's Love.
19. Making Others Happy.
20. The Power of Humble Fidelity.
21. A Plea for Good Works.
22. The Harmony of Justice and Love.
23. Love, the Common Law of the Universe.
24. Self-Care, and Care for Others.
25. The True Heroism of Labor.
26. Ignorance and Helplessness in Prayer.

VOLUME VI.

1. God's Disinterestedness.
2. The Liberty of the Gospel.
3. Love-Service.
4. Social Principles in Religion.
5. The Faith of Love.
6. Special Divine Providence.
7. The Law of Benevolence.
8. Ages to Come.
9. Two Revelations.
10. God's Workmanship in Man.
11. The Name of Jesus.
12. The Lesson from Paris.
13. Suspended Moral Conviction.
14. Truthfulness.
15. Heart-Conviction.
16. The Glory of Jehovah.
17. Soul-Building.
18. Religious Fervor.
19. A Safe Guide for Young Men.
20. The Heart-Power of the Gospel.
21. The Lord's Prayer.
22. Remnants.
23. The New Birth.
24. Working Out our own Salvation.
25. The Preacher's Commission.
26. The Privilege of Working.

VOLUME VII.

1. The Central Principle of Character.
2. Unprofitable Servants.
3. The Reward of Loving.
4. Cause and Cure of Corruption in Public
5. Working with God. [Affairs.
6. Lessons from the Great Chicago Fire.
7. Sovereignty and Permanency of Love.
8. Practical Hindrances in Spiritual Life.
9. Relation of Physical Causes to Spiritual
10. Redemption of the Ballot. [States.
11. The Unity of Man.
12. The Fruit of the Spirit.
13. Measurements of Manhood.
14. The Inspiration of Scripture.
15. Practical Ethics for the Young.
16. The New Incarnation.
17. The Worth of Suffering. [Higher Nature.
18. God's Character, Viewed through Man's
19. Other Men's Consciences.
20. The True Law of the Household.
21. Other Men's Failings.
22. Waiting upon God.
23. Do the Scriptures Forbid Women to Preach?
24. God, First.
25. The Burning of the Books.
26. Prayer for Others.

Yearly Subscription, $3.00. J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers, 27 Park Place, New York.

NEW BOOKS

ISSUED BY

J. B. FORD & CO.,

27 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

For Sale by Booksellers, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price.

Beecher's Sermons: First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Series. From phonographic reports by T. J. ELLINWOOD, for fifteen years Mr. Beecher's special reporter. Uniformly bound in dark-brown English cloth. Single volumes, each complete, $2.50; full set of six volumes for $14.50. Bound in half Morocco, $5 per volume.

"A wonderful testimony, not only to the real goodness of heart of the great Plymouth preacher, but to the fertility of resource, industry of thought, and rare ability, which can keep his regular ministrations to such a height of average excellence."—*Advance (Chicago), Ill.*

* * * "These corrected sermons of perhaps the greatest of living preachers—a man whose heart is as warm and catholic as his abilities are great, and whose sermons combine fidelity and scriptural truth, great power, glorious imagination, fervid rhetoric, and vigorous reasoning, with intense human sympathy, and robust common sense."—*British Quarterly Review.*

Each volume contains six months' sermons (from 450 to 500 pp.) The *First Series* contains an admirable steel portrait of Mr. Beecher: the *Second Series* a fine interior view of Plymouth Church. The other volumes are not illustrated.

Lecture-Room Talks. A Series of Familiar Discourses on Themes of Christian Experience. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Phonographically reported by T. J. ELLINWOOD. 12mo., extra cloth, with steel portrait. Price, $2.

"There is a great deal of humorous talk mingled with much that is serious, and the subjects discussed are of the most varied kind. It is a charming book."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Maternity. A Treatise for Wives and Mothers. By T. S. VERDI, A.M., M.D., of Washington, D. C. Handsomely printed on fine paper, beveled boards, [illegible]a English cloth. 12mo., 450 pages. Price, $2.25. *Fourth Edition.*

"There are few intelligent mothers who will not be benefited by reading and keeping by them for frequent counsel a volume so rich in valuable suggestions. With its tables, prescriptions, and indices at the end, this book ought to do much good."—*Hearth and Home.*

"We hail the appearance of this work with true pleasure. It is dictated by a pure and liberal spirit, and will be a real boon to many a young mother."—*Am. Medical Observer (Detroit).*

My Wife and I: or, HARRY HENDERSON'S HISTORY. A Novel. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Illustrated by H. L. Stephens. 474 pages; extra cloth, stamped cover, $1.75.

This novel is the success of the year. It has been selling very rapidly ever since its publication. *Everybody is reading it.*

"Always bright, piquant and entertaining, with an occasional touch of tenderness, strong because subtle, keen in sarcasm, full of womanly logic directed against unwomanly tendencies, Mrs. Stowe has achieved unbounded success in this her latest effort."—*Boston Jour.*

Our Seven Churches: Eight Lectures by THOMAS K. BEECHER. 16mo. Paper, 50 cents; extra cloth, $1.00; cloth, gilt, $1.25.

The eight lectures comprised in this volume are conceived in a spirit of broad liberality as refreshing as it is rare. They evince, in the most gratifying manner possible, how easy it is to find something good in one's neighbors, or opponents, or even enemies, if one tries faithfully to do so, instead of making an effort to discover a fault or a weakness.

The Children's Week: Seven Stories for Seven Days. By ROSSITER W. RAYMOND. 16mo. Nine full-page illustrations by H. L. Stephens and Miss M. L. Hallock. Price, extra cloth, $1.25; cloth, full gilt, $1.50.

"Mr. Raymond's tales have won great popularity by their wit, delicate fancy, and, withal, admirable good sense. The illustrations—all new and made for the book—are particularly apt and pleasing, showing forth the comical element of the book, and its pure and beautiful sentiment."—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Commercial Advertiser.*

IN PREPARATION.

H. W. Beecher's W[illegible]gs. Uniform edition. This is a set of books long needed in the trade. [illegible] will include "Norwood," "Lectures to Young Men," "Eyes and Ears," "Sum[illegible]in the Soul," the early "Star Papers," and other works, embracing some which [illegible]ow out of print, and for which there is constant call. The first volume issued [illegible]is new editon of Mr. Beecher's minor works will be his

LE[illegible]URES ON PREACHING,

As delivered before the [illegible]es in Theology of the Divinity School of Yale College, New Haven, Conn., whi[illegible]ave been, at the urgent request of the Yale Faculty and Students, published in [illegible] Beecher's paper, *The Christian Union*, and will be issued about the 15th of June [illegible], in attractive book form.

These masterly ex[illegible]ons of the Art of Preaching, by so renowned a Master of that Art, are exciting [illegible]espread interest, and will undoubtedly be eagerly sought and read by all classe[illegible]

JKMcLean 3 1972

Vol. 4. No. 16

MORALITY NOT ENOUGH.

"For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.—MATT. V: 20.

This is the key-note of the Sermon upon the mount. It may be said to be the text developed by the foregoing passages. In the seventeenth verse, it is said,

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."

To fill up the natural development is substantially the meaning. Jesus defended himself against the imputation of being an invader, or one who came to sweep away the grounds of morality and belief on which men already stood. He came, however, to demonstrate that they were too narrow, that they were imperfect, that they needed growth, augmentation, elevation. It was his business to fulfil that—to clear up, to fill up, the outline sketch which they had received.

Of course, "the law" here, means the law of Moses, not simply as it is written in the five books of Moses but as it existed in the minds of devout men at that time. For the law had grown, by the necessity of things, after the manner of all laws. The Mosaic economy, as it went on down from generation to generation, clustered upon it many things which were not contained in it. New institutions were added to it. And after the Israelites had divided, and the ten tribes had gone off, and the others had been carried captive to Babylon, there arose a sect that sought to observe the law, and to adapt it to the new condition of things. They were the conservatives. They were the most eminent religious men. They separated themselves from the masses where they were, and attempted to keep their class distinct, so that they should not intermarry with the heathen, nor fall into heathen customs. They adhered vigorously to the faith and the laws of their fathers; and so they were separate; they were called "Pharisees." And their

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 22, 1872. LESSON: MATT. VI., 1—22. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 217, 513, 688.

work was a very important one. They had a most useful function among their people.

They came down, however. When years had elapsed, and they had returned to their native land, and new national customs and laws prevailed, their interpretations of the Mosaic law became pragmatical, narrow and intense. The reason why is two-fold. First, they had no conception of a law as being a vital, spiritual thing—the hint or command of an inward state. Their idea of a law was, that it was something wholly external. It was in their estimation a rule laid down; and if that rule was obeyed, they did not ask at all what was the relation between obedience and the inward, spiritual condition of a man.

Now, in the Old Testament it had been promised that if they obeyed the law perfectly, they should become the head nation of the world; and so the Pharisees were endeavoring to obey the law to the last jot and tittle of it, in the hope that they would regain their ascendency and victory over all the world. And Christ found them the most intensely conscientious of men in regard to external and minute matters of the law. Every single enactment had been studied, and its particularities had been fixed, and the minutest methods of observance had been determined. The Pharisees, and those who followed them, were endeavoring to fulfil the law by the most precise and absolute obedience, in every part and particular of it, as an external rule.

They were to "keep the Sabbath," for instance. It was necessary for them to determine, to a second, when the Sabbath began. It was necessary for them, not to keep the Sabbath as we now, better instructed, attempt to keep it,—in its spirit, with a large liberty in determining what it is, what are its bounds, and by what methods it is to be kept. They attempted to determine, universally, for all men, the time which was covered by the Sabbath, and what they might and might not do on that day. The law said, "Thou shalt do no work." But they might amuse themselves and seek pleasure on the Sabbath. They might make it a real jolly day, though they must not work upon it. Therefore, they did not hesitate to meet in each other's houses, and to have great feasts —only the feasts must be prepared the day before; or else the Gentiles must be hired to prepare them. The Jews ate, and the Gentiles did the work. So the Pharisees managed to evade the spirit of the law, and to keep the letter of it.

They must not work; therefore it was not right for them to reap; and when the disciples were going through the field, and were hungry, and plucked some wheat, and rubbed the seeds out of

the head, and ate it, fault was found with them instantly. That was working. It was the same as reaping on Sunday!

So far did they go that it was determined that men must not wear heavy shoes, because if they did, when they walked on the grass they would tread the seeds out of the heads, and that would be threshing on Sunday; and threshing was work; and work on the Sabbath was against the law.

So, in innumerable cases, and in ways more and more absurd, as time passed on, they treated this law as an external and physical rule.

And that which was true of the Sabbath day was true of everything else. They were not allowed to touch anything that was defiled; and external obedience to the law on this subject was carried to such an extent that it became almost absolute bondage. It well nigh kept them from all social intercourse. Good folks were not to touch bad folks; natives were not to touch foreigners; Jews were not to touch gentiles; and the minuteness of the idea of purity, as measured by the physical external, standard had come to be so despotic as to make life a prison-house.

Our Master did not reprove morality; "but he said, "Except your ideas of the law are better than those of the Pharisees, you will never enter into the kingdom of heaven." He had said elsewhere, "The kingdom of God is within you." He referred to the spiritual kingdom of true manhood, with the power and liberty of every part of a man in it. He said, "You will never rise into the kingdom of a divinely spiritual manhood unless your righteousness exceeds that of the Scribes and Pharisees." You must take a higher view of duty, or you never will reach that higher realm. A true character cannot be developed on a low plane. A character in which the kingdom of God dwells consists of elements which are developed by those who are living in a higher range of inward and spiritual power.

The Pharisees, then, were rigorous moralists. They left out the whole living spirit of right conduct. They omitted the inward love of right. This is what we call spirituality. It is something which belongs to the free will. It is something that does right on account of a tendency of the spirit to do it. It is spiritual life. It is the life of a man's own free interior self in distinction from a compulsory life imposed upon a man from without.

This will lead us to ask, What is morality? and, What is necessary more than morality?

Morality, in its most general sense, signifies compliance with rules of conduct such as are laid down by society, in the form

either of express laws or of universal acceptation, which we call *public sentiment.* Public sentiment is equivalent to law. It is far more searching than law. It is far more influential, usually, as well as far more comprehensive.

Society demands that every man shall, to a certain extent, obey the laws which respect his own body, in so far as the welfare of the community is concerned. No man is considered moral who lives in such a state of rebellion with the laws of his being that he is in an abnormal condition. Therefore, although a man may be within the bounds of civil and criminal law, society pronounces him immoral if he lives so as to overthrow manliness of character and usefulness.

All vices — all deceptions, all excessive rivalries, all waste of time—are considered immoral. That vice of society which is considered immoral is a violation of certain great laws of the body which public sentiment holds men amenable to.

Also, the laws which regulate social business, and the prosperity of neighborhoods, come within the bounds of morality, or of express laws by which men are restrained from trespassing on each other's rights, and kept from impairing the liberty, or the happiness, or the prosperity in any way, of their fellow men. All acts which disturb the general peace of the community, and all criminal acts — these are contrary to the code of morality.

Then, there are implied laws besides these—what may be called laws of good citizenship and good neighborhood. All those things which make a man an agreeable neighbor or companion are necessary, to a certain extent, to what we call morality.

Where men, therefore, justify themselves in the absence of true spiritual religion, they are accustomed to say: "Well, I am a good father; I am a kind neighbor; I attempt to be just to all my fellow men; and I am reasonably industrious." Under such circumstances they recognise the laws of morality, or the lower form of moral laws which regulate conduct.

All the laws which regulate the transaction of business, commanding or forbidding certain things, come within the scope of what are called the laws of morality. Thus, the law of the land demand that a man shall be honest in his actions. It does not go any further than that. It never considers the motive, unless it be the motive of the outward action, where there is a doubt concerned. Honesty, truthfulness under certain conditions, fidelity to obligations, sincerity in the relations of men with men—these are a part of morality, and a very important part. Regarding human society as a structure made up of individual men, you scarcely can

put too strong an emphasis upon the importance of those moral laws which regulate the conduct of citizens among themselves. Without them, barbarism would return in a generation.

Besides these are civil laws, or those which prevent men from injuring the structure of society, and those which compel men to perform certain necessary duties to society—duties which are needful for its preservation.

Thus you see that the circuit is wide; but, wide as it is, it is a circuit of laws which have respect to man as a creature of time, as a creature of civil society, and as a creature who has relations to certain external things, rather than to any internal condition. It undertakes to say that a man who lives in a household, in a neighborhood, or in a State, and experiences all the benefits of law, and all the advantages which come from traffic and from intercommunication among men, shall perform certain duties toward the household, the neighborhood, and the State, and shall be forbidden to do certain things for his own selfish gratification or advantage which would injure the neighborhood, and household, and State. It is a code of laws having respect to outward life and to the actions of men, in the main though not altogether. In the main, it disregards men's motives, and has reference to their obedience in their lower relations, as creatures of time, in human bodies, and especially as members of a great organized society.

As such, morality is of transcendant importance. As a scheme of life, however, and as a scheme of character, it is not so important. Indispensable as morality is to the existence of society, when you come to look upon it as a scheme for the education of the individual inwardly, it is very deficient. It shows itself not to have been adapted to that, nor to have been framed for that. It is outward. It is coarse. It is largely pragmatical, having relation to things rather than conditions. It is deficient in motive—in inspirational power.

For example, a man may keep rules and laws which are imposed upon him without one particle of love for rectitude.

"Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

It is possible for a man to have a system of righteousness, to have a system of right living, which is not at all dependent upon the love of right living. It is not because he is benevolent or wishes well that he lives right: it is simply as a means to an end. It is a mere machinery.

Now, no man can develop a true manhood who does not love the things which he does. No man ever does anything that marks

him as masterly except it be done by a certain inspiration into which the whole soul enters. A man that paints, hating his business, never is an artist, and never can be one. A man that is a teacher, and hates teaching, making drudgery of it, can never be an inspirational teacher. A man that is a true workman in any sphere must work by a stimulation which comes from the actual enthusiasm of loving the thing done. A man that obeys moral laws without loving them is like a man who walks within the walls of a penitentiary.

A man at Sing Sing says, "I have been here ten years, and there are very few saints that are better than I am. I have been here ten years, and I haven't broken into a man's house. I have been here ten years, and I haven't smashed a bank nor robbed an orchard nor fought in the street. I have been here ten years and I have done nothing that is not regular. For ten years I have got up at just such an hour. For ten years I have eaten my breakfast regularly at such a time. For ten years I have had my industrious pursuits measured out in just such a way. For ten years I have stopped work every day at a given time." For ten years he has been as regular as the rules of the penitentiary compelled him to be. But does he like it? There was not a day when he would not have liked to kick the penitentiary and its rules into perdition. It was the stone walls that surrounded him, and the iron-shod keepers that watched him, that led him to live with such regularity.

So men are hedged in by the walls of society; and they are restrained by its laws in precisely the same way. They do as much as they dare; they go to the edge of laws toward violation; they are all the time seeking how they can evade the laws in their spirit without breaking them in their letter; and they consider themselves law-abiding men, because they have not broken over the laws in their outward form; and they say, "We are moral." Yes, you are moral; but in what sense are you moral? You have conformed to the laws, not from any goodness that is in you, nor from choice, but because it was policy for you to do it.

Why, if not to steal is a sign of honesty, then stones are more honest than men; for they do not steal even as much as the soil does. If negatives are virtues, the dead are masters of virtue.

Piety means something more than simply observing laws, or not violating them, as the case may be. We are sent into this world to build a kingdom. That kingdom is a kingdom of thought and sentiment, of vitality and virtue. Piety is the power of a new life in the soul. That is the end and aim in life. Morality bears about the same relation to this that shoes and clothes do to human society. They are very necessary, but they are very subordinate.

A man may use laws, not as an incitement to a nobler life, but as a ring within which he may indulge evil. Nothing is more common than that. For no laws can be made so minute but that in the changes of circumstances which are constantly occurring, men may find the means of doing things which the law intended to prevent. Men may do evil under the cover and protection of the law. So that one may be technically moral, and yet all his life defrauding his neighbor. A man may be technically an obedient citizen, and yet all the time violating the spirit of good citizenship. A man may take the shell and husk, and not the kernel and meat. A man may be moral, and yet void of all that spirit which it was meant that he should have even in this lower sphere.

You have occasion to observe men on every side of you whose study seems to be how to indulge forbidden passions and appetites, and how to do it in such such a way that no statute can touch them—that no law can reach them—that no chastisement can follow them. A man may be moral according to the ordinary acceptation of that word, and yet void of all sense of character. Thus, a man may be a moral man according to the higher sense of that term, and lack every particle of generosity. A man may be moral, and yet void of benevolence. A man may be a moral man, and yet utterly free from any such spirit as that of gentleness or lenity. A man may be moral, and yet thoroughly ungood. A man may be a moral man, and yet be such a one as nobody would want to live with, as nobody would sympathize with, as nobody would revere, and as nobody would honor while living, or mourn when dead. A man may keep the laws of society, and yet maintain in himself supreme selfishness. A man may keep the laws of society, and yet be intensely stern and proud, carrying his pride so that it does not knock the laws over, but so that it is indulged in every other way. A man may be a moral man, and yet be as avaricious as miserism. A man may be moral, so that no magistrate shall find fault with him, so that no officer shall suspect him, and so that no wrong shall be imputed to him; and yet he may be stingy and corroded with meanness.

Morality does not make manhood. But nothing is of great value that does not result in making manhood higher, and goodness more fruitful. And no man shall enter the kingdom of God without high emotion; without divine sentiments of faith and hope and love; without joy in the Holy Ghost, which begins in the individual, and extends itself through the bounds of the universe. No man shall enter the kingdom of God who is technically

a moral man. *Except your piety is higher than mere morality, you shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

Morality, then, does not create manhood. It may be under the dominion of the worst passions. A man may be moral, and be as bad as he can be in this world, absorbing pleasure from all that are around about him, and inflicting pain on all that are near him. I think it is true that sometimes bad men are better than good men are, in a given sense. Certainly that was the meaning which our Master conveyed when, looking at the Scribes and Pharisees, he said, calmly and quietly, "You think yourselves to be models of piety; and if there is anybody in this nation that you perfectly hate, it is a publican." Why did they hate the publicans? Because generally they were Jews—renegade Jews; because they collected taxes for a foreign government; because they turned against their own countrymen, and fleeced them, for the sake of supporting the despotism of Rome; and they were hated on the side of patriotism. Here was this band of apostate Jews, here were these renegades, who were making their office odious by their extortionary conduct; and our Master said to these Scribes and Pharisees, "The publican shall enter the kingdom of heaven before you." That was said to men with long robes, and with a most immaculate exactitude of obedience. They searched the law. It was familiar to them. The wore it on their person. Some parts of it were written on their brow, and other parts were sewed on their garments. All manner of services brought it to their mind. They were precisionists to the last degree. And yet, Christ said to these men who abstained from ten thousand things that they wanted to do, and who performed a hundred thousand things that they did not want to do, "Those odious tax-gatherers are better men than you are."

How could they be? It was bad enough to be a tax-gatherer; it was bad enough to lie under, and to yield to, the temptation to to be extortionary; it was bad to be in the service of a foreign, intrusive government; but for all that the man who was so bad may have had a generous streak in him: he may have had a tender heart; he may have had an aspiration which constantly rebuked him; he may have had a sense of self-condemnation; he may have been conscious of doing wrong all the time; and there may have been a growing resistance in his conscience to the course which he was pursuing. There may have been in him great workings, great brewings, great fermentations, great yearnings, a great many excellent thoughts, a great many tender feelings, a great many virtues; and Christ, looking upon him, externally accursed and hated as he

was, had compassion on him; and, turning to the other man, whose face shone with ceremonial purity, or whose external life was exactitude, but who was inwardly as a ravening wolf, avaricious, envious, hateful, hating, suspicious, bitter, and, above all, inordinately conceited, and almost without human sympathy, and wrapped up in self-gratulation, and eaten up by it—turning to him, and looking on him, Christ denounced him, so far as inward character was concerned, as worse than the culprit publican. He was a monster of scrupulous morality; and the Master said to him, "The publican and the harlot shall enter the kingdom of heaven before you."

These are very solemn utterances. They are not extravagances. They were not said in moments of excitement by some heated speaker. They are calm declarations of a Man who needed not to be told what was in man.

One may be outwardly proper, and may be obedient to the laws of the land and of the neighborhood; and yet he may have within him such malignant dispositions—such envy, such jealousy, such hatred, such selfish exclusiveness—that God, looking on him, shall say that he is worse than those who make less pretension to goodness, and who are condemned as bad. Not that these others are not bad; but he is worse than they are.

Finally, morality has in it no element of spirituality. It has no sense of duty toward God, and no provision for the life to come. Its relation is confined exclusively to the visible and sensuous realm of life. A man is a creature of two summers. He roots and sprouts in one; and blossoms and bears fruit in another; and no system of procedure can develop true manhood in one who is without the higher spiritual horizon. This world is not to be disconnected from the other world. It is necessary that while men are here in the present life they should have a wise foresight of the life which is to come. Our character on earth should be developed with reference to the character which we are to have in heaven.

That which Christ says, then, is that morality is not enough. He says, not that it is good for nothing, but that it is insufficient.

What, then, is that more which is required? It is required, first, that all secular laws shall be obeyed in the spirit of love and justice—not compulsorily. They should be obeyed because of their spiritual and beneficent relations. There is many a man who falls short if he is judged by this standard. There are many men who pay their debts, but who do not do it for the sake of justice. There is many a man who fulfills his neighborhood duties, but who does not do it in the spirit of neighborhood kindness. There is many

a man who pays his taxes for the support of the government, but who does not do it in the spirit of patriotism. It is by compulsion that he does it. It is fear that impels him to do it. He does it because not doing it would involve greater suffering than doing it. He does it hating to do it. There is no freedom or willingness that goes with his obedience. A true man is one who does right because it is pleasanter to do right than to do wrong. A true man struggles against wrong, until it is easier to do right than to do wrong. No student has learned any lesson who has to think when he recites it. No man has done anything perfectly so long as he has to think how he shall do it. No man has learned a thing until he has converted voluntary into involuntary action. No person has learned to walk so long as he is obliged to exert his will in walking. No person has learned to read if he has to spell every word as he goes along. No one has learned figures who has to go through the whole process of ratiocination on every smallest problem —as I do. The process must become involuntary—inspirational.

Do I, when I walk along the street, say to myself, "There is an old man approaching, of eighty years, venerable, grey-haired, who has served his country; it is proper that a young man like myself should pay respect to age; and therefore when I get where he is I intend to bow to him"? And when I get where he is, and pay my respects to him, do I think, "I will salute him with agreeable salutations, so and so" and pass on? Have I learned courtesy, if, in doing these things, I set out to do them in my mind? You are not well-bred if your courtesy is a thing to be thought of. You are not learned in courtesy when you have to think about it. Courtesy is thoroughly learned only when it comes unthought of, spontaneous and irresistible.

No man who has to struggle to be kind has learned the law of kindness. Kindness shines with a steady, unintermitted blaze.

No man is obedient to law in any direction who has not accepted that law, and made it a part of his will; and who does not, in obeying it, obey himself. The reason that you speak the truth, is that you love the truth. The reason that you do not cheat your neighbor, is that you love honesty. The reason that you do not commit burglary, is that you abhor it. No man is obedient to law so long as he acquiesces in it by reason of force. Every man ought to spiritualize his morality, and raise it to a higher level.

A man's own development and perfection should be the supreme end toward which all lower influences tend. Self-seeking—not in the selfish sense, but in the spiritual sense—that self-seeking which tends to bring us into the image and spirit of our God, who is our

exemplar in Jesus Christ—such self-seeking is right. There is a vast overplus in this matter of obedience. More is due from you than any law requires. When you have fulfilled the commands of the laws of morality you have not come to the measure of your capacity and power. The law of duty for every man is an inward law. According as you have received must you give. Of him that had one talent, of him that had five talents, and of him that had ten talents, the Master required the use of one, five, and ten. It was required of each man according to what had been committed to him.

Now, no man can measure his duty by the laws of society; for the laws of society put all men on a level. They cannot do otherwise. But God, in giving you his commands, recognizes the fact that some have more capacity than others. Every man must take his laws of duty and character from what he has in himself; and he must do it with the perpetual understanding that his obedience to those laws is to go to excess, rather than fall short of what they require. Self-excusatory natures, who are asking all the time, "How little can I do of what the law requires without reaching its penalty?" come short of their duty. True men are those who act from a plenary inspiration, and who do right to the utmost of their power, for the sake of the right itself, and to please God. A man is not a full man who goes only as high as the laws of society require him to go. A full man is one who, when he has done what society requires of him, puts as much more as he can upon himself. A man must be as just as society requires him to be, and then as much more just as he is capable of being. But can a man be more than just? Yes.

Take another quality. A man must be as benevolent as morality requires him to be; but he can be more than that, a great deal.

Our Master, in one place, says, "Let him that giveth give with simplicity," and in another place he says, "Give not grudgingly, for God loveth a cheerful giver." So benevolence is not only being willing to give, but it is giving with gladness. Many persons give their gifts as one landlord gives stale beer, not with a sparkle or bubble on it, but flat. Other persons give their gifts as another landlord gives beer that foams, and every particle of which is pervaded with fixed air. (Beer is good for illustration if it is not good for anything else; and in that sense I will use it.)

How do men give? It is often from a sense of shame. It is the fear of loss of reputation, frequently, that impels the gift. Charity is often dragged out of a man. We shut a man up, as

it were, in the house of his excuses; we put a reason here and a reason there, like so many constables to keep him from running out at the back door; and when we have him thus secured, we go in and push him, and push him, and push him till by and by he surrenders, gasping, like a man overcome in a fight, and says, "Well, well, I give up." Under such circumstances men disgorge; and afterwards they call it "charity." They give grudgingly; but *the Lord loves a cheerful giver*—a man who, when he gives, makes the gift fragrant with his manhood, so that it shall be a pleasure of memory. We know what gifts are in our holidays and in our social interviewings, where they become souvenirs or objects of memory. We know the difference between such gifts and those which we make for public uses.

Tell me, my sister—you that have been collecting money for the Orphan Asylum—do you like collecting? You that have been collecting for the House of Industry—do you like the business? Is it not mostly like drawing water from a deep well, and having nothing to draw with? You that are trying to take care of the homeless and the wandering; you that keep open a mansion for working women; you that are attempting to serve the most sacred causes of morality and humanity, as you make your rounds, what is your experience in respect to the law of benevolence? As you go from place to place, is it not a rule that to collect gifts for such purposes is the most thankless of tasks that anybody can perform? Do not people give grudgingly? Do they not give narrowly? Do they not give meanly?

I would rather a man, when I go into his house to ask for money would button up his bull-dog pocket, and say to me, "Get out of my house; I won't give you a cent!" than entertain me, and discuss the matter; and then tell a long string of lies of this, that, and the other thing, and finally land me, with a complimentary lie, outside of his door, without a dollar! Rudeness is bad enough; the process, however, is summary, and is soon over; but unloveliness, meanness, wickedness under the forms of benevolence, justice and truth; the absolute want of manhood in the performance of duties—these are things that bid every man beware. You have not fulfilled the law of mercy when you have merely given an external adhesion to it. You must fulfil it with a willing heart, which not only sends the blessing for the sake of the thing done, but sends it also for the sake of pleasing yourself.

Why is it, do you suppose, when an artist sits down to the piano, and fingers the keys, that he shrinks every time he strikes a certain string? It is because that string is out of tune. Well, what of it?

It hurts him. If you were to hit him on the head, it would not hurt him any more than the discord which is produced when he strikes that key hurts him. It goes against the sense of music that is in him.

Now, a man should be so attuned to every moral element that it hurts him when there is a discord between any one of them and the others. If a man does a thing that is grossly out of taste, we feel that. There are certain bold incongruities in life which we notice. But that which we recognize in a few elements of our experience ought to run through our whole career. Every man's being should be so keyed as to be pleased by the harmony which comes from rightdoing, and pained by the discord which comes from wrong doing, in every path and line of life.

Something more, then, is required of us than merely living so as to take care of our own characters in this world. There is the present, and there is also the whole sweep of future immortality in eternity; so that no man can live a full and right life who is not fulfilling the requirements of two spheres, as far forth as they are coincident, at the same time. It is the animal that lives for to-day only. It is the man that has prevision. The animal is absolutely stolid. Every true man is a prophet. The animal dwells where his feet are: the man where his thoughts are; and to these are given wings to fly far above storms, and out of the reach of bounds and marks into the eternity of God. But no man can raise himself to this altitude of conception and education and feeling of manhood, who merely fulfills the external requisitions of society. You must have the inspiration of God.

In view of these remarks, I would say, first, that I would not be understood as undervaluing morality. There has sometimes been a style of preaching which was so emphatic as to the importance of change of heart or spiritual regeneration, that it seemed to throw morality under its feet; so that men have frequently gone away from church, saying, "There is no use of being good if it does not amount to anything."

Now, I am far from saying any such thing as that. I believe that it is good for one to be good in one degree if he cannot be good in more than one. If there are twenty degrees of goodness, I believe that it is better for a man to be good in two, and leave out eighteen, to be good in three and leave out seventeen, or to be good in four and leave out sixteeen, rather than not to be good at all. A little, in the right direction, is worth achieving. Just in the ratio in which a man goes in right directions, right is profitable. It has in it a certain remuneration in life. It has in it certain germinant tendencies and probabilities, which give hope of reward.

All these higher sentiments stand on a root of morality, as morality stands on great physical roots. Although morality is not enough, it is the foundation of that which is more and better when it is grown. As every fruit-tree must have its roots hidden in the dirt, and yet bears its blossoms and fruit on its topmost boughs; so men who are bearing spiritual fruit on their topmost boughs must have, underneath their trunk, roots that stand in the ground, from which, in the present life, their nutriment flows.

I would say to a man, if he is not a praying man, Be abstemious; be self-governing; be truth-speaking; be honest; be right-minded. Morality, as far as it goes, is an admirable acquisition. It is not enough; but because it is not enough would you not avail yourself of it? Because a man has not wealth, is it therefore not worth his while to have a competence? Because a man has not a competence, is it therefore not worth his while to keep the little that he may have? As far as it goes, property has value, though it may not reach to a man's desire or necessity. And so it is in respect to moral attainments. It is better for a man to stand coldly within the bounds of morality, than not to have even as much as that.

But it is poor; it is meagre. A man should not live in a hovel when he can live in a house. A man is not content to live in a house when he can live in a mansion. And no man, I think, would live in a mansion when he could live in a palace. So no man is living rightly or honorably who demands of himself no more than morality requires. No man has fulfilled his obligations until he has the germ of goodness in him, and does more than is required of him by his neighbors and by the laws of the community. We regulate cold customs by cold customs. The law prescribes what a man shall pay for the transportation of goods, and no man is called to pay twice as much as the law says he must. If he fulfills the requisition of the law in such matters that is enough. But when public sentiment requires that you should be a merciful man in your neighborhood, and mercifulness in that neighborhood has had a very low type of development, you are not a true man when you say, "If I am merciful up to the custom of this neighborhood, it is all that should be expected of me." You should be merciful up to the line of your possibility. All that you can bring out of your development is required of you. More than morality requires—all that spirituality requires—is demanded of you. No man can be safe, and no man can have in him the germs of eternal life, who has not had a quickening which is divine, and which comes upon the soul from the contact of the divine Spirit. When we rise above the animal life, the secular life, the economic

life, and enter upon the spirit life, we build with higher elements, and depend upon more subtle conditions. I think the experience of every man who has attempted to live a godly life is, that he must live by faith of God; that there must be a divine warmth, a divine light, and a divine prompting, by which he can find his way in the unaccustomed paths of this higher living.

When, therefore, I say, "Ye must be born again, and born of the Spirit," it is not to draw a contrast between necessary morality on one side, and spirituality on the other: it is to give, founded on morality here, a development of those truths which shall bring you, by divine apprehension, into the presence of God and holy beings.

You need the divine influence to show you, to strengthen you, to help you. No man can of himself become spiritual-minded. No man can come to God except the Spirit draw him. Do you ask, then, "How am I to blame?" The Spirit draws eternally. The Spirit draws every man, day by day, by ten thousand suggestions; by ten thousand influences that are generated in society; by a thousand influences that come to us from nature; by a thousand social influences; by all the influences of the sanctuary; by the revealed word of God; by that word of God which is constantly being unfolded by the divine Providence; by the dealing of the Spirit; by that whole round and realm of life through which we are being made either better or worse; by that divine inspiration and guidance which is leading us upward and onward toward spirituality; and by that care which is fitting us to be citizens of the New Jerusalem.

Stand in your integrity; but do not, in your conceit, say, "Integrity is enough." Stand in the simplicity of good citizenship and right-mindedness; but do not vulgarly say, "These are enough." Possess yourselves of these lower virtues; make them more and more eminent; give them branches, and make them more fruitful; but remember that high above all the requisitions of this lower estate there is a Father's house where you are to dwell; there is a God with whom you are to be; there is a spiritual life into which you are to enter. It is not enough that you are fitted for this world. Where is your fitness for the other world? Where is your fitness for that life which is to come? When all your property is gone, and all your pleasures are gone, and all your industries have ceased, and you have passed through the grave, and the door is opened into the heavenly kingdom, will you be qualified to enter? Have you the spiritual culture which will fit you for that upper sphere? Are you fitted for the society of the just? Are

you fitted for the companionship of the spirits of just men made perfect? Are you fitted to dwell under the searching eye of Him who is purity itself?

Beware, then. Be good as the world demands that you shall be; but add to your virtue spirituality. Repent of evil. Take hold upon good; and, above all, by the help of the divine Spirit, live in it until you are transformed and prepared for that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We rejoice, our Father, that thou hast not made our approach unto thee conditional upon perfect purity and perfect obedience. Who, then, of all thy creatures could come? We do not draw our children to us because they are full and perfect. From their infancy we have respect to their weakness and their need; and thou art, also, most merciful toward us, and dost draw us unto thyself with permissions and promises and great grace, not because we are deserving, but because we are needy. And thou lovest us, and art healing all our trouble, and preparing us for perfection in the life which is to come. We thank thee for thy compassion and thy tender mercy. We thank thee for the expression which thou hast given to us of old, and which thou hast fulfilled from generation to generation in those that have served thee. We thank thee, O Lord our God, that thou hast made thyself accessible to our thought and to our faith. Though thou wilt not be discerned by the senses, and cannot be, thou hast raised up a power worthy of thyself to dwell among us. We begin with that; we discern it; and through it we come to have a sense of thy presence, and to have faith to enter into communion with thee. And yet, is it not a vain show? In nothing doth it appear what we shall be. All our steps of knowledge toward thee are but shadowy. But they shall come forth in a knowledge transcending any imagination. Now, all that we understand falls infinitely short of that which is real. Thou art more glorious, thou art purer, thou art more merciful, thou art more gentle, thou art more beneficent, thy presence is more full of joy and gladness than it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive; and we rejoice that we shall not wait to be disappointed in thine image, but shall be satisfied, and filled with unutterable wonder. And if we look back upon the state from which we have passed to our higher home, we shall marvel at the wisdom and grace which bore us through its shadows and misunderstandings and mistakes, and prepared us finally for that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

We pray, our Father, that thou wilt grant to us more and more a sense of our dependence upon thee, and of our need of thy inspiration and guidance. Every hour wilt thou make us to watch; and watch thou over us. Grant unto us the cleansing influence of thy Spirit, and the indwelling of thy Spirit, that we may repel that which is evil. Grant that we may not live according to the pattern of those who are around about us, but that we may take our model from thee, and live by that which is highest and most truly sublime.

We pray, O Lord our God, that thou wilt grant to all that are in thy presence this morning, blessings, as they severally need. If there be any who have burdens, may they look up to the great Burden-bearer of the universe. May they cast their care upon Him who cares for them. May they

not, from day to day, come with their trouble to thee, and every day bear it back again. We pray that thou wilt teach us to cast our cares *finally* at thy feet. May we be willing to abide by that which seems to be best in thy sight, crying, from our innermost soul, Thy will be done.

We pray that thou wilt comfort any who are in the midst of sorrows and fears, and who are swept hither and thither by storms, real or imagined. We pray that thou wilt grant to them that love and trust which cast out fear, so that they may be enabled to await the providences of God with calmness and resignation.

We pray that thy blessing may rest upon all those who have been disappointed in life, and whose ways are burdened and embarrassed. May the Lord have them in his holy care and keeping. Grant that they may not feel that they are so much impoverished by reason of that which is outwardly lost. May they have that inward treasure, that treasure in heaven, by which their hearts shall be raised far above all the storm and all the confusion of this mortal life.

Be near to all those who are tempted. Deliver them out of the temptation by which they are beset, and bring them forth into the clear and peaceful light of a comfortable hope.

Be near, O Lord, we pray thee, to those who are weak and in the midst of trials. Lay thine hand upon them, and strengthen and encourage them.

Grant, we pray thee, that thy servant appointed to minister in holy things, and those who are around about him, as they have been by thy providence deprived of their place of worship, may be gathered again in thy providence, and strengthened to all hopefulness, and industry, and fidelity.

We pray, O Lord our God, that thy blessing may rest upon this nation, upon the President of these United States, and all that are in authority with him; upon Congress assembled; and upon the Legislature of the different States. We pray that equity may rule. We pray that more and more the passions of men may be subdued, and that righteousness may prevail throughout all our borders.

Bless schools and colleges, and all seminaries of learning. We pray especially that schools may be established among those who are outcast, and are most needy, and are neglected in their need.

We beseech of thee, O Lord, that thou wilt grant that the prosperity of this nation may not make it avaricious or haughty, and that it may not break over the bounds of restraint by reason of the goodness of God to it. We pray that it may be temperate and self-controlling; and that it may have compassion upon the weak; and that the light of its example may shine, in truth and equity, upon all those nations that are seeking to break away from their shackles, and are striving to gain that liberty out of which shall come intelligence and true liberty.

Wilt thou be pleased to guide the nations. May wars cease among them. May all those mighty influences that are evil and that tend to evil be checked. Wilt thou pre side over the counsels of men? And in thine own good time bring forth the predictions of thy servants of old. For thou hast promised that the whole earth shall see thy salvation, and that the day shall come when men shall learn war no more. Make haste, O thou that dwellest in the peace of thine upper sphere. Grant unto us peace in our time, O Lord. Deliver us from all thrall of bondage which is inconsistent with our best good. So lengthen out our days, and so mete out to us the allotments of thy providence, that when at last we depart, it shall be with an assured hope, and with an inward preparation for thy heavenly land. And there we will praise the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we thank thee for all that thou art doing, and for all that thou hast done. We rejoice that thou hast so ordained life that he who lives in the least things right, is by that very right-living led on to higher things. Nor have we any rest; for every unfolding which gives more to our being demands yet more; and the obedience of yesterday gives a higher law for to-day. So we go on. As the trees that unfold every year, more and more widening their scope, and lifting themselves higher, so dost thou augment our being, and with its augmentation our duty is augmented. We thank thee that we are not like the ungrowing stone, or like the dead stick; we thank thee that we are expansive. And we rejoice that we are tending toward the infinite. May we behold our birthright. May we separate ourselves from those that are below us of the animal creation. May we, by faith, and hope, and love, begin to have winged power. May we live, not as seeing visible things alone, but as seeing the invisible.

Help the helpless. Help the discouraged. Help those who are out of the way. Call the deaf till they hear. Raise the dead unto life again. And grant, we pray thee, O Lord our God, that there may be multitudes out of this congregation who shall be called from a lower to a higher life; from a vulgar and selfish way to a nobler and enduring way, in the holiness of God.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son, and Spirit. *Amen.*